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### The Baby for Me.

I have heard about babies angelo,  
With a heavenly look in their eyes,  
And hair like the sunbeams of morning  
When first they appear in the skies,  
And smiles like the smiles of a cherub,  
And mouths like the buds of a rose,  
And themselves like the lilies and daisies  
And every sweet flower that grows.

My baby's the jolliest baby  
That any one ever did see;  
There's nothing angelo about him,  
But he's just the right baby for me!  
His smile's not at all like a cherub's,  
And his hair—well, it favors the sunbeams,  
When sunbeams are wondrously thin.

His eyes, though they're blue, like the heavens,  
Are remarkably earthy with fun;  
And his mouth's rather large for a rosebud,  
Unless 'twere a half opened one,  
His hands don't resemble a fairy's  
In the least. They're a strong little pair,  
As you'd think, I am sure, if he'd got you,  
As oft he gets me—by the hair!

And he isn't a bit like a lily,  
Or any sweet blossom that grows,  
For no flower on earth, I am certain,  
Has a dear little cunning pug nose.  
He's a mischief—full of mischief, the darling,  
And as naughty as naughty can be;  
And I'm glad that he isn't angelo,  
For he's just the right baby for me!

### THE WARDER'S DAUGHTER.

Marion Hyde was a cripple, but for all that she was beautiful. Her father was warder in a prison. Among the prisoners was one at the registering of whose name at his entrance Marion had been present, and something in his youthful though sullen face attracted her pitiful glance. He had stolen repeatedly from his benefactor, and finally had admitted into the house in the nighttime a gang of burglars, who had secured considerable booty and made off with it in safety, save one, after severely punishing the proprietor of the house. This one who was not able to escape betrayed the complicity of the young man in the affair. He was tried, convicted and sentenced.

There was no redeeming feature apparently to the story, but somehow that had haunted the girl's gentle thoughts. Perhaps it was because she had a young brother who was a wild lad, wandering just now in disgrace, no one knew whither, and all the more tenderly loved by Marion because of his sad ways.

One day as she leaned on the window sill, looking with a wistful sadness into the road at the prisoners, one of them looked up, and changed as he was in every way, then feature, she knew again the black, sullen eyes that yet were so much like an angry, obstinate child's.

Her glance followed him as though fascinated, and as he passed from sight she sighed softly and went in to look at the prison record for the poor lad's name.

It was Aymer Preston.

The next she knew of him he was in the sick ward.

For a few weeks she saw him there, but the gloomy eyes never softened, only gazed straight before them from their hollow sockets, or hid themselves obstinately behind their wasted lids.

He never spoke, he scarcely ate; and the prison physician told Marion that he was dying of sheer inanition.

"It is my opinion he is trying to starve himself to death," he said.

Marion drew near the sick bed.

She bent over him and spoke with gentle firmness.

But she might as well have talked to the blank wall, for all sign he gave of having heard her.

Marion left the ward with a shocked and anxious face.

"Let me know if there is any change, or you think of anything that I can do," she then said to the doctor.

But at dusk the doctor was called away by serious illness in his own family, and near midnight the assistant, going his rounds, found Aymer Preston dead in bed.

"It's either make believe or heart break," Dr. Putney said, shortly, when word was brought him, and he ordered that Preston's body should be kept wrapped in blankets and not removed till he saw it.

The order was obeyed, but when three days saw no change in the form, Dr. Putney having meanwhile examined it, it was removed to the dissecting-room.

Marion Hyde's window commanded a view of this mysterious and horror inspiring apartment. As she stood at her window that night she thought, with a vague thrill of pain, of the one cold, still tenant of that terrible room.

She was not a timid, superstitious creature, nor by any means given to nervousness; so when she saw the window of the dissecting-room slowly lifted, and a gaunt, wild face appear at the opening, instead of screaming or running away, she stood still. She knew that her heart was throbbing wildly, but she knew also that it was no phantom she looked upon. Doctor Putney had been right all the time. Aymer Preston was not dead, and thus he was making one wild effort for liberty. Marion Hyde stood and watched him.

She could not have called out just then if he had been the most desperate and hardened criminal within those walls. Besides, the poor wretch was only struggling himself. He could not escape even now unless by a miracle. She saw him stop presently beside a window, which opened into an upper hall, and after a long effort raise it and slowly drag himself through.

Obeying an impulse which she could not at the moment control, Marion softly opened her door and passed out without her crutch for fear of the noise. She reached the hall just as this poor wretched creature, after a brief rest, was urging his half paralyzed limbs to renewed effort. At the sight of her he gasped and dropped in a swoon, and Marion hurried to his side. She dared not leave him, so she waited, rubbing his cold hands between her tender palms, till he at last opened his eyes and she made him comprehend that she wanted him to make with her.

"I won't go back to prison," he whispered, between his set teeth.

"You need not," she said, simply, and led him to her own chamber.

There was positively no other place that was safe from the strict search that she knew would be instituted as soon as he was discovered to be missing. She procured him some garments which had belonged to her brother, and she got him such food as would be safe for him to eat after his long fast.

He regarded all her movements with the incredulous wonderment of a child.

"What has been the matter with me?" he asked, after a while. "I could not stir any more than though I was dead, but I knew all that was going on about me. Ugh! It was frightful waiting there in the dissecting-room. I believe it was only the horror of it helped me to break the frightful spell."

"I suppose you were in a sort of trance," Marion said, thoughtfully.

"What are you going to do with me?" he asked again.

"I don't know, I am sure," she said, with a sigh; "but you are safe here till I can think."

"I don't expect you to believe me, but I am as innocent of the crime for which I was brought here as you are."

"Guilty or innocent, I pity you, you are so young."

Concealing him till the hue and cry were over, Marion smuggled him through the gates in a woman's dress and with a basket of soiled clothes. And so the mystery of Aymer Preston's escape remained a mystery.

The years moved on. Marion was twenty-five. Her father was dead. Her indolent brother had perished in a brawl. She was alone in the world; an invalid, with a slender income earned with her needle, but the same sweet-faced, sweet-voiced girl who had won the hearts of the prisoners in the gloomy abode of which her father had been warder.

One day she was sent for to see about some embroidery. She was received by a young lady, and something in the young girl's bright face drew Marion's glance unconsciously. Where had she seen those eyes, so large and so intensely black?

"Why do you look at me so?" asked the young girl, with naive eagerness.

"You remind me of some one I have known," Marion answered, simply.

"No one ever accused me of looking like anybody but Robert before," laughed the girl.

"Ah, yes, you do. I see the resemblance now quite strong," and Marion's face flushed with emotion. "Perhaps you are related to him. His name was Aymer Preston."

"Oh!" cried the young girl, springing up, "and you are lame and your name is Marion Hyde. Tell me, isn't it? I knew it. Oh, Robert, what will you say?"

She vanished from Marion's astonished eyes, with the words on her lips. She was back, however, in a trice, and with her came a tall, dark haired, heavily bearded gentleman.

"Marion Hyde? Is it possible?" he exclaimed, clasping both the little trembling hands in his and putting them over and again to his lips, which were quivering with emotion. "Surely you know me?"

"You—you are Aymer Preston," stammered Marion.

"I was Aymer Preston, I am Robert Liesson. A relative of my mother's left me his property on condition of my taking his name. I have searched for you vainly, Marion Hyde. My prosperity has been better to me till now I find you. Oh! you shall never touch needle or work again."

"No, indeed, that you shall not," chimed in she who had been the means of this happy recognition; and as she said it, both her arms were round Marion's neck, and she was sobbing and kissing her alternately. "Robert always said he would never marry anybody but you, and you'll have him, won't you, dear?"

"I have proved my innocence of that charge of robbing my guardian," said Robert, gravely. "But it was long before I could do so. I followed up the man whose testimony convicted me, till he lay dying, and gave me a written confession of false witness. My guardian paid him to injure me. He wanted me out of the way. I will not be so abrupt as to ask you to marry me now, but as this is my sister of mine has said so much, I can do no less than testify to its truth. I have always loved your sweet, dear face, Marion. I shall never cease to wish it my wife's face till that wish is realized."

And then he left Marion to his sister's petting and soothing.

"This morning I was alone—not a friend in the wide world, and now—"

A burst of tears came to her relief.

She is Robert Liesson's wife now, and her beautiful eyes are as dewlike as ever with compassion for the unfortunate.

### How Bank Clerks are Watched.

Every bank and every hotel in the large cities has its own private detective, who watches all who come and all who go, from the partners and officers to the bell boys and messengers. It is told of the president of a well known banking institution that now and again he sends for some one of his clerks and holds some such conversation as this:

"Last Tuesday," he will say, "you spent the evening at Jones' billiard saloon, did you not?"

"Yes, sir," will stammer the astonished clerk.

"You took during the evening six rounds of drinks with your three companions, of which you paid for four, did you not?"

"Yes, sir," replies the astonished youth.

"Then you went to Mills' and lost \$15 at faro, is it not so? Don't deny it—I know, I know all about you."

The president will then go on and tell him man where he lives, how he lives, whom he associates with, and where he takes his clothes; all this to let him see that he is watched, and to warn him against wrong doing of any kind.

Without discussing the wisdom of subjecting a man to such a system of surveillance as this, without defending the man who has so little self-respect as to submit to it, it must be said that it is very effective in keeping young men in the right path.

### Goets Into Steambotting.

The late Commodore Vanderbilt, with that foresight of vision, that essential element of genius which in every important event of his career never failed to assert itself, saw that sailboats were destined to lose their supremacy while he was interested in sailing vessels. Eleven years had passed since Fulton's experimental trip up the Hudson. Abandoning his successful business, he accepted the post of captain of a small steambot at a salary of \$1,000 a year. At that day passengers for Philadelphia were conveyed by steambot from New York to New Brunswick, where they remained all night, and the next morning took the stage for Trenton, whence they were carried by stage to Philadelphia. For twelve years he commanded the steambot (which was owned by Mr. Gibbons) running between New York and New Brunswick. The hotel at New Brunswick where the passengers stopped was at the same time given in charge of his wife, whom he married when only nineteen years of age. She was the daughter of a neighbor on Staten Island. Her maiden name was Sophia Johnson, and thirteen children, nine daughters and four sons, were the fruits of this marriage. The hotel business proved more profitable than the steambot, and why he remained as captain so long was for the reason that the State of New York had granted to Fulton and Livingston the exclusive right of running steamboats in New York waters. Believing this grant unconstitutional, as it was afterward declared by the supreme court, Mr. Gibbons ran his boats in defiance of it, and thus involved himself in a fierce contest with the authorities of New York. The brunt of the battle fell on Captain Vanderbilt. For sixty successive days an attempt was made to arrest him. "Let go the lines," were also liable to arrest in New Jersey, he would approach the New York wharf, with a lad at the helm, while he managed the engine. As soon as the vessel was made fast he would conceal himself in the hold. At the moment of starting an officer, who would be changed every day in order to avoid recognition, would be in readiness to arrest him.

"You are my prisoner," would say the officer, tapping him on the shoulder.

"You are more like my prisoner," would respond the captain, and then order: "Let go the lines."

Fearing to be carried to New Jersey, where a retaliatory act threatened him with the State prison, the officer would jump ashore, or failing in this, he would be put ashore, which request was of course politely granted. In this and other things the captain managed to evade the laws. He fought the State of New York for seven years until Chief Justice Marshall declared New York wrong and New Jersey right. The opposition tried vainly to buy him off. "No," replied the captain to all such offers. "I shall stick to Mr. Gibbons until he is through his troubles." And he did stick and he carried his point.

Mr. Gibbons offered to raise his salary to \$5,000 per year, but he declined the offer. "I did it on principle," was his reply to the question why he refused a compensation that was so manifestly just. "All I ever cared for was to carry my point."

### An Indian Romance.

A dark, swarthy looking individual, dressed in semi-Indian garb, was at the Indian depot, Omaha, making numerous inquiries in very imperfect English dialect concerning the name of C. G. Gaskill, who left some portion of eastern Iowa for an overland trip to California during the gold excitement of 1851. This half wild fellow claimed that he was the son of this Gaskill, and that he was about five or six years old when his father set out with his family for the overland trip to California. The family, two years later, were in Arizona, and one night the Apache Indians made an attack upon them and carried him away, while the others made their escape. Mr. Gaskill has a very vivid recollection of the battle, and also the long wagon trip from Iowa, while he has little or no recollection of the home or just where it was located. He was carried away by the Indians and lived with them, sharing the same neglect and attention as their own children, until he grew to manhood. He describes his life as being pleasant and one that he fully enjoyed. He became acquainted with the great chief Cochise and followed him in many of his battles. He painted, tattooed and beamed his skin like the savages themselves, until now it has the same coppery color. He describes Cochise as being a great warrior and a most wonderful savage. He remained with these Indians until about six years ago, when he was captured by the Comanches in one of their battles with the Apaches, and with them he led a wandering existence, first as a captive and afterward as one of the tribe. Last fall he became tired of such a mode of existence and left the tribe, and making his way toward the Pacific coast, made inquiries concerning his family, but failed to learn anything of them. In his wandering, nomadic life he had accumulated considerable wealth in the form of gold dust, and on the proceeds of this he was traveling in search of his lost home and friends. No one seemed to be able to give him any information, and he started on his way east to prosecute his search in Iowa.

### A Films Defense.

The case of Ann L. Neill against the American Popular Life Insurance Company was brought to trial before Judge Freedman and a jury, in the superior court, at New York city. The plaintiff sued on a policy of \$5,000 taken out on the life of her deceased husband. The company defended the action on the ground of a discrepancy of one year in the age of the insured, given in his application for insurance, as compared with the statement of his age given on the proof of his death. The son of the insured, who put in the proof of death, testified that he must have made a mistake. Judge Freedman promptly directed a verdict for the plaintiff for \$5,195. An extra allowance of five per cent. was awarded to the plaintiff's counsel. The judge also refused a stay of the entry of judgment for sixty days asked for by the company's counsel. The courts require a pretty good reason on the part of a life insurance company, when the latter endeavors to evade the payment of a policy.

### LOVE TRIED BY FIRE.

Two Seconds of Doubt an Age of Agony—A Farmer and his Wife Describe their Sensations in the Falling Cars.

If every individual who went down with the ill-fated railroad train at Ashtabula and lived through the experience, and were to write up his or her sensations and adventures none would display that coolness and heroism described by Johnson B. Orburn and his wife, who were on their way to the Saginaw valley. Both are past forty, and Mr. Orburn is an Ohio farmer, who lately purchased a farm in Saginaw county. As the train pulled out from Ashtabula the farmer's wife began eating luncheon, and her husband was trying to read a newspaper by the light of the dim lamp.

He says he felt the first movement when the bridge gave way. He first imagined that one of the wheels under his car had become detached, and yet during that brief interval the husband threw one arm around his wife, she grasped the seat and he to secure a brace for her feet and added: "We are off the track and running through the fields!" The rear end of their car struck first, smashing itself to kindling wood, the debris being thrown over the passengers in front. The farmer found himself on the floor, held down by a mass of wreck on his left leg, while his wife was thrown across him, with the wreck of two or three seats holding her against the side of the car. While thus held, and before either had spoken, one end of the car settled a little and the wife was released.

"Mary, are you living?" asked the husband, being his first words after the fall. She replied that she was not even hurt, beyond a bruise or two, and by this time the shouting and confusion around them proved that the train was off the track, though neither one suspected that it was more than a tumble into a wayside ditch. It was wonderful how a woman could retain her presence of mind under such exciting circumstances, but Mrs. Orburn didn't even cry out after the shock. Scores of other passengers were shrieking in pain and fright as the cold waters flooded one end of the car and the flames began to eat away at the other.

The woman cleared herself of the broken seats just as the fire started, and she then ascertained that her husband was pinned fast to the floor by the wreck of matter on his leg, which was partially bent around one of the iron standards of a seat. She worked with all her might to set him free, but the raging flames were now only a few feet away, and the smoke and heat were becoming terrible.

"Mary, take hold of my foot, bend my leg toward you with all your might and see if you can't break it," called the husband, who thought he could easily free himself if the leg was released from its cramped position. The wife seized his foot, meaning to obey, but at that moment the car lurched over a little and her husband released himself. When they left the car her dress was on fire, showing that another minute would have enveloped both in the flames.

Both were able to walk to the hotel as soon as released, having escaped with only a few bruises. The heroic wife and mother was not only ready to obey her husband's orders, but she had a plan of her own.

"When I saw the flames just upon us," she said, "and while I was sure that my husband would be burned alive, I made up my mind to put one of the cushions over him, lie down on top of that, and hope that, while I was being burned up help would come to him for our children's sake."

"I was afraid he wouldn't be strong enough to break my leg," added the husband, "and then it would be all up with me. I was going to have her get out, and then, rather than be burned alive, I was going to destruction. Well, I had this big knife in my right hand pocket, and my right arm was free to get it and use it!"

### A Plucky Captain.

The schooner Baracoa, of Booth Bay, Me., discharged a cargo at Ponce, Porto Rico. The customs authorities there declared that there was an informality about the matter, although no fraud was charged, and a fine of \$4,300, gold, was levied against the vessel. No time was given the captain to consult with the owners at home, and the officer was in trouble. A Spanish gumbot lay alongside the schooner and threatened at the moment to take possession of her. The captain of the schooner not appreciating the position in which he was placed, slipped her chains and at half-past eleven o'clock A. M. went off like a bird, and before the astounded and dumbstruck officials on the gumbot could collect their senses. She got off all set, and was three miles away in the briefest possible time. As she went off she sprung her hull and saluted the port with her colors three times. The gumbot was sent in chase as soon as she could get up steam, but the schooner was out of sight in a very short time.

### A Self-Made Man.

No better specimen of the "Whittington" ideal of the English self-made man could be found than the late Mr. George Moore. His life was exactly that of the Industrious Apprentice. He used to tell how he first came to London without a friend or a sixpence, and, walking about at first for employment. This was at first refused; but the owner was won by some answer, or something in the bearing of the candidate, who, on the day of his engagement, set before himself two purposes to be worked out—to be head of the establishment and marry his master's daughter. In both of these aims he succeeded; and the house of Moore, Copstock & Co. is now one of the most important wholesale stores in the kingdom.

### A UNIQUE ANNOUNCEMENT.

How James Gordon Bennett, Sr., Informed the Public of His Approaching Marriage.

The following is the announcement of the intended marriage of the senior James Gordon Bennett as published by him in the Herald in June, 1840. It created a sensation when it was published:

TO THE READERS OF THE HERALD—DECLARATION OF LOVE—CAUGHT AT LAST—GOING TO BE MARRIED—NEW MOVEMENT IN CIVILIZATION.

I am going to be married in a few days. The weather is so beautiful; my days are getting so good; the prospects of political and moral reform so auspicious that I cannot resist the divine instinct of honest nature any longer; so I am going to be married to one of the most splendid women in intellect, in heart, in soul, in property, in person, in manner, that I have yet seen in the course of my interesting pilgrimage through human life. \* \* \* I cannot stop in my career. I must fulfill that awful destiny which the Almighty Father has written against my name, in the broad letters of life against the wall of heaven. I must give the world a pattern of happy wedded life, with all the charities that spring from a nuptial love. In a few days I shall be married according to the holy rites of the most holy Christian church to one of the most remarkable accomplished and beautiful young women of the age. She possesses a fortune. I sought and found a fortune—a large fortune. She has no St. Nicholas shares or Manhattan stock, but in purity and unrighteousness she is worth half a million of pure coin. Can any swindling bank show as much? In good sense and elegance another half million; in mind, soul and beauty, millions upon millions, equal to the whole specie of all the rotten banks in the world. Happily, the patronage of the public to the Herald is nearly \$25,000 per annum, almost equal to a President's salary. But property in the world's goods was never my object. Fame, public good, usefulness in my day and generation, the religious associations of female excellence, the progress of true industry—these have been my dreams by night and my desire by day.

In the new and holy condition into which I am about to enter, and to enter with the same reverential feelings as I would heaven itself, I anticipate some signal changes in my feelings, in my views, in my purposes, in my pursuits. What may be I know not—time alone can tell. My ardent desire has been through life to reach the highest order of human excellence by the shortest possible cut. Associated by night and day, in sickness and in health, in war and in peace, with a woman of the highest order of excellence, must produce some curious results in my heart and feelings, and these results the future will develop in due time in the columns of the Herald.

Meantime I return my heartfelt thanks for the enthusiastic patronage of the public, both of Europe and America. The holy estate of wedlock will only increase my desire to be still more useful. God Almighty bless you all.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

Mr. Bennett published a postscript to the announcement to the effect that until after his marriage and honeymoon he would have no time to waste in replying to the attacks of rival editors, and two days after the wedding the event was noticed as follows at the head of the editorial columns of the paper:

MARRIED.

On Saturday afternoon, the sixth inst., by the Rev. Dr. Power, of St. Peter's Catholic church, in Barclay street, James Gordon Bennett, of the Herald, and Henriette Agnes Crean. What may be the effect of this event on the great newspaper contest now raging in New York time alone can show.

### Practicing Economy.

The practice of economy on the part of the people of the United States, says an exchange, for thirteen years has had a marked effect on imports, which have fallen off so heavily as to materially affect the income of the government from customs duties. The customs receipts in December were nearly \$2,000,000 less than in November, and \$2,316,177 less than in December, 1875. The receipts from customs during the last six months of 1876 were \$64,539,958, and from internal revenue they were \$57,033,420, which was a falling off from last year of \$11,962,000 in the former and \$424,372 in the latter, and upward of \$12,000,000 in all. The result of this large falling off is that the liabilities of the government in December exceeded its receipts by \$3,585,142. During the last six months of 1876 the public debt was diminished \$6,578,000, which is \$2,338,428 less than during the last six months of 1875. These figures show the effect of the private economy of the people on the resources of the government, and if imports continue to fall off during this year as they did in 1876 there will be an increase of the public debt. This state of things calls for prompt and wise legislation on the part of Congress.

### The Russian Army.

A correspondent at Paris, discussing the various rumors concerning the condition of the Russian army, says the truth is the army continues to be organized with great rapidity. The men are neither so unhealthy nor so discouraged as they have been represented to be, and will be perfectly ready to take the field in two months, provided a capable general is placed at their head. The real complaint of the Grand Duke Nicholas is inefficiency. The moderation of Russia is not caused by military weakness, but by her desire to throw the blame of provoking war in Turkey.

### Good for the Eyesight.

They tell an incident in Chicago about mortgaged property and old Long John Wentworth, who is considered one of the real estate fathers of Chicago. Almost every piece of land in Chicago is mortgaged. Mr. Wentworth is a venerable, grand old man. No one knows his age. Senator Logan says that Long John fell out with Columbus at Palos, and came over to America in a Cunaud steamer and bought up some corner lots in Chicago before the great Italian navigator set out on his tour of discovery. However, I regard this as an error, which one of the returning boards should correct.

Ex-Mayor Hoyle here says that for the last year Long John Wentworth has been known to stand for hours in front of the piece of ground owned by the government, and on which Mr. Mullett has tried, in the new post-office, to build a young American ruin to vie with Kenilworth castle. He says Mr. Wentworth has stood in front of the board fence surrounding this piece of government land and peeped—actually peeped through a knothole into this post-office yard for hours at a time. Mr. Wentworth's actions got to be very mysterious. They began to excite the grave comments of the whole city. "What does he mean," they asked, "standing there, hour after hour, looking through the knotholes and cracks in that post-office fence?"

One day the truthful, silver haired Mr. Story of the Times saw Mr. Wentworth looking, as usual, through his favorite knothole. You know Mr. Story would not tell a lie for all the hatches in Virginia. Well, after he had watched Mr. Wentworth one day for about three hours, standing there in a drizzling rain and peering through a crack, he went up to him and said:

"Mr. Wentworth, I beg your pardon, but I can't bear this suspense any longer. Tell me what in the name of Grant and the returning board are you looking at?"

"Oh, nothing, Mr. Story, nothing but—"

"Nothing but?" That's a pretty way to talk, Mr. Wentworth, after standing here in the rain for three hours with your eyes on that crack! Looking at nothing but?" Likely story, Mr. Wentworth. No, sir; there's a mystery here somewhere. Now tell me—tell me what you see."

"Well," said Mr. Wentworth, "if you must know the truth, Mr. Story, the honest truth, I came out here to improve my eyes. It does my old eyes good, and has done 'em good ever since the fire, to come here and look through the fence and see a piece of land in Chicago that ain't mortgaged."

If any one doubts this story, and I am sorry to say that many misguided people are disposed to be always questioning the veracity of my stories, they can come here to Chicago themselves and see the cracks in the fence at the knotholes and the land without any mortgage on it that Long John Wentworth looked at.

—Eli Perkins.

### North Carolina Bankers.

The "bankers" who live along the North Carolina banks, are a peculiar people. Like the Florida "cracker," their origin is wrapped in mystery. They have little intercourse with the world, and that little is confined to an interchange of commodities. They are carpenters, fishermen and hunters, and the range for both is wide. They make their own nets, hollow out a cypress log, and fashion and trim it to the semblance of a boat, cultivate a little patch of potatoes, and live and flourish in a sort of rude independence, if not antagonism to their more civilized neighbors across the channel. They are happily ignorant of the making and unmaking of Presidents, and the turmoil of the world generally in no way disturbs the equanimity of their lives.

At the extreme end of Bogue banks, and eight miles from Cape Lookout, is Fort Macon. A broken down parapet and a few dilapidated looking guns constitute the fort. A row of neat cottages shows the quarters of the officers, and a solemn tower is said to be the hospital. So close a resemblance does this fort bear to a prison that desertion is of very common occurrence. In this emergency the soldier and banker are of use to each other. The former, after making his escape, takes his way along the banks until he falls in with a banker's hut, and there disposes of his blouse, pants and cap, receiving in return a complete suit of nondescript apparel. Then the transformed soldier is ferried across the sound by the accommodating banker, becomes a civilian, cancels his engagement and is rarely brought to justice. A few years ago a soldier, tired of the monotonous life of the crazy old fort, made his escape in the customary manner, and after wandering through several States in the direction of the frontier, at last found employment in a circus. There he completely sunk his identity, and became a daring bareback rider. More than three years had elapsed, when a circus strolled into the show, at that time performing in Iowa. The officer recognized the delinquent and, armed with the necessary extradition papers, clapped his hand on the soldier acrobat, and conveyed him back to his old quarters at the dismal end of Bogue banks.

### Length of Days.

The following table shows the duration of the longest and shortest days in the principal capitals throughout the world, corrected for refraction, etc., and carried out to the nearest minute:

Name of Place.	Latitude.	Length of the Longest Day.	Length of the Shortest Day.
Washington.	39 00 N.	15 42	9 22
Stockholm.	59 20 N.	18 30	6 54
Copenhagen.	55 41 N.	17 17	6 54
St. Petersburg.	59 56 N.	18 44	5 41
Berlin.	52 31 N.	16 38	7 44
London.	51 30 N.	16 32	7 44
Edinburgh.	55 57 N.	17 32	6 59
Dublin.	53 23 N.	16 56	7 18
Paris.	48 22 N.	15 44	8 39
Vienna.	48 13 N.	15 58	8 17
Madrid.	40 41 N.	15 00	9 14
Naples.	40 50 N.	15 00	9 14
Constantinople.	41 15 N.	15 04	9 12
Beijing.	39 55 N.	14 50	9 42
Canton.	23 05 N.	14 04	10 19
Calcutta.	19 04 N.	13 22	10 45
Cebu.	10 30 N.	12 42	11 25
Singapore.	0 00	12 00	12 00

### Items of Interest.

The average age of sheep is ten years; cows, fifteen; hogs, fifteen, and horses, not used as beasts of burden, twenty.

Said a man to another: "Don't forget the baby; give my love to him." Said the other man: "E ain't a 'im, e's a 'er."

A London newsboy found a \$2,000 diamond which he carried about in his pocket for a month without knowing its worth.

Citizens of Fort Griffin, Texas, captured eleven men who were trying to run off twenty-seven head of stolen horses, and hanged them all in the woods.

Some physicians now claim that the general prevalence of diphtheria is due in a great degree to the gas which is thrown off from coal stoves in ill ventilated rooms.

If, as was the case in "a lottery litigation" in New York, a stockholder in a lottery fails to get his own share of the money, what are the chances of the ticketholder?

In nearly every city throughout the country the exits of theaters have been officially examined since the Brooklyn disaster, and in most of them alterations have been ordered.

Don't put the point of your lead pencil in your mouth. The frequent practice has resulted in the ruin of health, and in many cases in paralysis and death. Besides it is a vulgar habit.

So far this year, not less than 36,000 head of beef cattle have been driven from eastern Oregon; and eastern Washington down toward the Pacific railroad, the greater part destined for San Francisco.

A Philadelphia policeman, convicted of murder, is to have a new trial because at the time of the deed, in the language of the judge, "his reason had been torn up by the roots and judgment jostled from his throne."

Many a farmer's boy goes into some city and struggles along until middle life, with nothing to show for his labor except that he has thoroughly learned that a half starved lawyer is less to be envied than a well fed farmer.

The people often make blunders in their choice; they are apt to mistake presence of speech for presence of mind; they love so to help a man rise from the ranks that they will spoil a good demagogue to make a bad general.

She wouldn't stand to have a tooth pulled for one million two hundred thousand dollars, she said, and yet she walked the streets all day in tiny garters, two sizes too small for her, and thought nothing of it; but then she saw the tooth, and several saw the garters.

While Dr. James Adams, of the London hospital, was removing the lower limb at the hip joint from a boy, an alarming collapse occurred, and the patient sunk fast. The operator instantly laid eight ounces of blood injected from his arm to the boy's, and then completed the operation. The boy is doing well.

About 1,200 Icelanders have immigrated into Manitoba and settled on Lake Winnipeg at a place which they call Gimli. The colonial government has given them land and helped them to get over. They are very unlucky, however; this winter, numbers of them, especially children, having died of small-pox.

Four wars within the last fifteen years have cost Great Britain upward of £16,000,000 sterling. The Persian expedition cost £900,000. The outfit on the Chinese war amounted to £3,144,000. The New Zealand war, which did not extend beyond the year 1866, was covered by £765,000, and the Abyssinian war entailed an expenditure of £3,000,000 or £3,000,000.

It is a fact worth thinking about that Africa is three times as densely populated as America. The estimated number of inhabitants in Africa on about eleven and a half square miles of territory is more than twice that in America on about fifteen and a half square miles. In America the average is five and a half people to the square mile, in Africa, seventeen and a half.

The number of pilgrims who assembled last year at Mecca is stated to have been 140,000. Of these 40,000 were conveyed by sea, and the remainder by caravan across the continent. The whole number is below the average of former years, the falling off being accounted for by the French government having forbidden the pilgrimage from Algiers in consequence of the prevalence of cholera in Syria.

### The Dead of the Year.

The year of our Lord 1876 will always be remembered for the deaths of great men and women which occurred during the twelve months. Of preachers and priests Cardinals Antonelli and Tarnovsky, the Rev. Henry Boehm (who had lived and done good works for a century), the Rev. Dr. Bushnell, Protestant Episcopal Bishop John Johns, the Rev. Dr. Sprague, the Rev. George Peck, President Stearns of Amherst College, Bishop James of the Methodist Episcopal church, and the Rev. Dr. Durbin are among the many who have died. Among notable statesmen and jurists the deaths are recorded of Francis Deak, Reverdy Johnson, President Roberts of Liberia, Chief Justice Gilpin of Delaware, ex-Governor Wise of Virginia, together with those of Speaker Michael Kerr, H. H. Blackwelder, Truman Polk, G. G. Blake, John A. Searall, Allen H. Caperton, John A. Blair, Sr., and James W. Nye, all of whom were, or had been, members of the United States Congress. Turkey has lost two sultans, although there has been little apparent mourning there for either of them; Portugal has lost a princess. Of soldiers, Santa Anna, the American General Custer, Bragg, G. A. Smith, Gordon Granger are a few of those who have died. The American navy has lost Commodore Stephen Decatur, John Pope and Admiral Alexander George Sand, Harriet Martineau, Henry Kingsley, Francis Palacky, Alexander Russell, John Forster, Orestes A. Brownson, G. M. D. Bloss, Charles C. Chesney, and George Alfred Lawrence have ended forever their literary labors. The stage has lost Charlotte Cushman and Frederick Lemaitre. New York lost Alexander T. Stewart; Boston its noblest philanthropist, Dr. Samuel G. Howe, and the list is still incomplete.